

LATIN SCHOOL & REGISTER



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The Register

VOL. LIX

DECEMBER, 1939

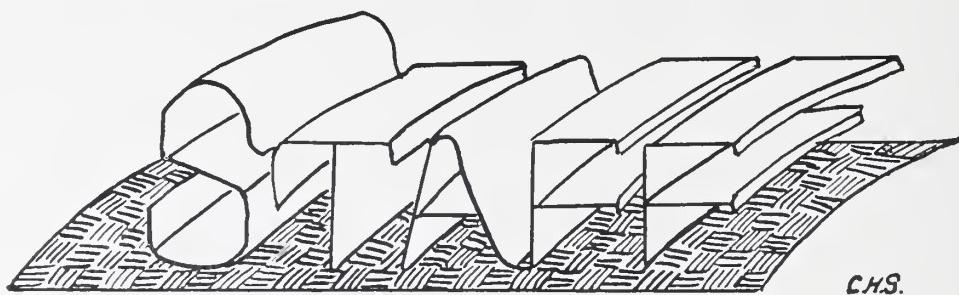
No. 2



THE REGISTER STAFF EXTENDS TO THE
FACULTY AND THE STUDENT BODY ITS
BEST WISHES FOR
A Merry Christmas
and
A Happy New Year

PUBLISHED MONTHLY EXCEPT JULY, AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER BY THE
STUDENTS OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC LATIN SCHOOL, AVENUE LOUIS
PASTEUR, BOSTON, MASS.

TERMS:—One dollar twenty-five cents per year; by mail one dollar and fifty cents.
Advertising rates on application. Contributions solicited from undergraduates.
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A MESSAGE TO SENIORS AND OTHERS FROM THE PRESIDENT OF B.L.S. '40

Seniors! A magic word! We finally have reached our goal; we are seniors. Regretfully, however, we must realize that our careers in Boston Latin School will soon be over. . . . Thanksgiving is gone. New Year's is in the immediate future, then Spring, and, before we know it, graduation will have arrived. Each happening in the next few months will make for a milestone in our lives. Time, that ever-moving force which none of us can delay, is swiftly moving on; and every moment that we do not utilize is a moment lost, never again to be regained. We are the Senior Class; this is our year; let us all strive to make it an unforgettable year.

When boys other than those in Class I read this, they will, perhaps, think it odd that the President of the Senior Class should send this message to his classmates so that the entire school may read it. The reason for this message is, I think, quite evident. To become a member of Class I is the *ultima thule* of every pupil in the school. Some will reach that goal; others will not. We, of Class I, however, wish to maintain a standard towards which the boys who succeed us may aim. Younger boys should be able to regard upper classmen as guides and leaders. This is an opportune time to inform the boys of Classes II and III that they are welcome to functions sponsored by Class I.

Plans are being formulated; committees are being chosen; suggestions and ideas are welcome. We are heading towards one goal—a successful year. I sincerely hope that every one takes an active, participative interest in all Class affairs and, by his attendance, makes this year a milestone in his life which he will never forget. The enthusiasm of the class officers is at a high level. If their enthusiasm is any guide, this year will abound in memorable events.

WALTER E. HOAR,
President of Class of 1940.

WE SIT AROUND IN OUR SHOPS AND GRUMBLE

"We sit around in our shops and grumble, denouncing the present order. But we perceive that even badly constituted democracies are responsible for fewer disasters than are oligarchies" (Isocrates, 355 B.C.). No, I am not going to talk on democracy. There is little that I could add to extol the virtues of it.

Rather my attention is shifted to Latin School, which is experiencing, as usual, with the first issue of the REGISTER, our paper, the grumbles and complaints which greet it every season. *They* denounce the REGISTER. *They* decry the poor assortment of decent and interesting reading material. *They* have voiced *their* opinion as *they* do every year. Naturally, those bearing the brunt of *their* criticism come back at *them* and tell them to write something better if they are dissatisfied. O, no! *They* can't bother. *They* are too busy. *They* are overburdened with school work. *They* can't write; they never could. *They*

always received poor marks in composition. *They* never were any good in expressing *their* views. *They* never did well in English, anyway. *They* cry that the paper is more and more becoming controlled by those few, who month in and month out strive to write something to furnish the REGISTER with material, as nobody else cares to bother. Those few who send in those "funny" jokes—Why don't *they* send something in? It probably will find print. And to cover up their embarrassment *they* tell you, "O, no! *their* stories would not be accepted. *They* are not among those select few who can find a place in the REGISTER's pages. They haven't the 'luck'." And *they* continue and tell you that the REGISTER is becoming a virtual dictatorship run by a few! And so they go on.

And as I contemplate *their* remarks, I always laugh to myself and say, as Shakespeare once did, "Lord, what fools these mortals be!" They don't realize what causes a dictatorship. They don't know that the prime cause is *disinterestedness* in what's going on and not wanting to put oneself out to partake of what's going on. People become lazy. Let the next one do it, I don't care to. And thus, as in many other instances, so it is with the REGISTER: the responsibility and the work pass into the hands of the few. Why not? If they make the effort, they deserve to become the leaders. And when this happens, *they* who formally have no interest in the paper arouse themselves and cry about the REGISTER's being transformed into a dictatorship.

Wake up, you grandstand quarterbacks! Take a try at writing something. All that can happen is that you will be turned down; but at least you'll find out what was wrong with your composition and will have had the experience of writing one. Yes, and perhaps your English teacher will give you a passing mark that month for your effort. Who knows? But remember: if your material is good, it will come to light. We also are weary of reading stuff by the same people every month, just as you are. Give us a "break", too, and write something good.

HARVEY SCHRIER, '43.

BEYOND THE HORIZON

High above, alone, upon a hilltop, A white-haired man, who knows life well, Looks out with fixed stare and sighs, Looks out beyond and seems to dwell On	His Empty life, and Loss of friends, and Recent throes, and Future. . . . What?
Shattered dreams, or Broken hearts, or Still, white lips, or Maybe. . . . What?	High above, alone, upon the hilltop, A sprightly lad, with starry gaze And cheerful mien, and sturdy bones, Looks out beyond and dreams of days When
High above, alone, upon this hilltop. A silent man with austere gait And languid, melancholy air Looks out beyond, and blames on Fate	Jungle exploits, Blazing trails, and Buried treasure Will be his lot. What does tomorrow hold for him?

HAROLD PILVIN, '40.

MANUS SOCIORUM

There's really only one "handful of associates" in whom we are all interested: The Latin Eleven going out on the "field of many colors." We'd predict a Latin victory if we weren't afraid The REGISTER's sports writers would call us plagiarists. But to the business at hand:

INTERMEZZO. Taking a hint from the *Daily Bulletin*, we availed ourselves of the opportunity to hear a few of the concerts conducted by the Music Appreciation Club under the phonograph needle-baton of Mr. Finn. The records emit the chords of classics, yet there's a mutiny in the schoolroom whenever the word "swing" is heard. The club intends to sponsor a series of lectures on the history of great composers, illustrated (?) by excerpts from recordings of their works. . . . The Youth Concerts series presented at Symphony Hall have had fine support from the students of our Latin School, so Mr. Russo, who is in charge of tickets, informs us.

APPEAL: Annually, under the banner of the Red Cross, Mr. Sands directs the drive for Junior Membership. He is more fortunate than many in the response his appeal receives. He reports a most satisfactory result, impressing us with the need of sincere support of what the Red Cross stands for, in our troubled times particularly. . . . While, a floor above, Mr. (A.A.) French winds up the Football ticket-selling season with his streamlined fifty-cent tax-free variety. And his appeal has been worth our support indeed, for it has aided the suffering, brought comfort to the near-wounded, and dusted the uniforms of our Athletic defense. He is still haunting a few installment payers with the School Spirit.

ART WEEK: Mr. Briekley, leader

of the Art Club in B.L.S., invited a speaker to a Lower Class Assembly during Art Week in early November who delivered a most engaging lecture. Unfortunately, we were not able to be present but two new members at the following Art Club meeting attested the speaker's success. Art Club, on every Wednesday afternoon, offers a fine opportunity for its members to sketch from living models: and its president, Thomas O'Connor, tells us that soon the techniques of water-colors and sketching will be treated. There are no dues; you need a pencil and a desire. New members are welcome.

SECRET: The Literary Club plans an exhibition of copies of manuscripts by Kenneth Roberts in preparation for his "Northwest Passage" we learn from Francis Sidlauska, the president. He promises that the works will be on display in the School Library soon.

GREASEPAINT: and footlights—but no curtain. There isn't much more we can say, but the School Dramatics Club is producing something refreshingly, if somewhat startlingly, different! It is more a story than a play, more a fantasy than reality. It is called "The Key." It was written and is being directed by the author, Rand Manning. To be sure, we could tell you more about it, but we won't. It does concern a school and some boys in it. Yet you will see it yourself on the twenty-second of December; so *Be Prepared*.

AT CLUB KEYHOLES: We "snuck" a glance at the Chess and No-Chess fiends (that *does* sound a bit strong) as they sat down in 130 to determine Champions. Mr. McGuffin is about to be told about some old Arabian Chess rules by our friend, Leon Hurvitz, rather

an expert on such matters. *Cave*, (Latin, they tell me) Leon, Mr. McG.! . . . The wind has been blustery of late, and the models for the Aviation Club seem to need stabilizing; but those engineers can do it. The size they lack in height they have in numbers. . . . The French Circle is a friendly group. They always have something doing: William Philbrick and Leon (same one) Hurvitz have been praetising the "Mar-seillaise" for piano and violin for a speial meeting. And the members will sing, "Allons enfants. . ." . . . The Senior History Club has had a lecture on Winston Churchill, who is figuring so

prominently in the daily newspapers. . . . Mr. G. B. Cleary presides with (Red Cross Representative) Baler at the meetings of the Classieal Club, where the Latin and Greek "phrase-mongers" appease themselves. . . . And to think, coming to the end of our column, that Dr. Collins, who has always so kindly enquired of us as to the Dramatics Soeity's status, and who is a leader of the Debating Club, can find no mention of his group, no laurels waiting for his boys who speak on alternate Mondays, no paragraph to eall his own. Nothing remains. See you next Month!

FROM HERE AND THERE

Election results . . . Flash! . . . after a long-drawn, nerve-raeking, senior-destroying, whirlwind eampaign, we have another proof of the survival of the fittest. Ye winners:

President: "Wally" Hoare.

Vice-president: "Ernie" Nedvins.

See-Treasurer: "Doc" Regan.

Class-committee: "Joe" H a v e y , "Mae" McCorwell, "Mickey" Cooper, "Moose" Murphy.

* * *

During the lunch-period in Room 304, one excited student slapped another student in the month. "Stop!" cried the smitten student, "you're hurting my fillings". . . . Haw!

* * *

While a certain physics teacher was lecturing on electric currents, Gorenstein had the impunity to ask him whether he had heard about the little wandering current. . . . The reply was negative. . . . Whereupon Gorenstein told him that it had no *ohm*. . . . Ohhh. After this interesting scientific discussion, one Miller became interested in science and asked whether light traveled through a vacuuum. The master told

him to put a flashlight in his mouth and see. . . . Now Miller doesn't believe in science. . . .

* * *

Boy, you should have seen (or did you?) the Class I commissioned "oceiflers" strutting around in their new, shiny Sam Brown belts. . . . If the authorities want to better the posture of Latin School students, it is hereby suggested that every boy be eqnipped with one Sam Brown belt. . . . The ehests will be ont, and stomaehs in. . . .

* * *

This month's nut-craeker (for the correct answer of which will be awarded the not-yet-discovered answer of last month's): In a box there are nine ears of eorn, and a rabbit takes out three ears every day. But, it takes him nine days!! Why? The answer will be published next month. . . . Talking about cracking nuts, when a B.L.S. phisies master was talking about the high boiling-point of solutions, a bold "nut" asked whether nitrates were high. Whereupon the witty B.L.S. p. m. said, "Day rates are high too, Billy!"

ALUMNI NOTES

F-L-A-S-H! An astonishing fact has just been revealed to us. Of two A divisions of 1932, one boy was graduated *summa cum laude* from Harvard, one *magna cum laude*, and still another *cum laude*. Lawrence Ebb, former Editor of The REGISTER, *summa cum laude*, was offered a travelling fellowship to Oxford, but being unable to accept, took another one at Cambridge. Leonidas Demeter and Seymour Bunshaft were graduated *magna cum laude* and *cum laude* respectively. . . . Leaping north some hundred miles to Bowdoin, *alma mater* of Hawthorne and Longfellow, we find that George Risman, managing editor of the REGISTER while here, has just received a prize scholarship. . . . Latin School Scores Again: John Daunt, our Washington-Lincoln Essayist in '35, took top honors in his graduating class at Holy Cross. . . . Over in Europe, where history is now being made, a Latin School boy is there making it. He is "Bobby" Wernick, class of '34 and graduate *summa cum laude* in history from Harvard in '38. Now in France, he is writing the story of these turbulent times. . . . Arthur H. Cooper, stage manager for us in '36, has been recently appointed production manager for the Brownbrowkers, student musical revue

organization at Brown University. . . .

. . . Among those given scholarships to Massachusetts Institute of Technology for this semester, we find a four-time winner of the Modern Prize and Captain of the 2nd Company, 1st Regiment, "Joe" Picardi; a three-time winner of both the Classical and Modern prizes.

. . . John J. Callahan and Burnett W. Robinson, both '37, have been elected vice-president and secretary-treasurer respectively, of the Gold Key Society at Boston College. . . .

. . . "Joe" Finkelstein and "Bill" Histen, the former Latin School stars, both have been playing excellent football all season. "Joe" distinguished himself in the Brown-Yale game, while Bill was one of the main reasons why Holy Cross beat Temple. . . .

. . . Harvard has awarded scholarships to the following Latin School graduates for high scholastic standing: Everett F. Bleiler, '38, captain of the band in his senior year; Robert A. Potash also '38; Melvin Pollard, '37; and Melvin Black, '36. . . .

. . . Among the cadets, here for the Harvard-Army game, was Louis Polcari, '38.

GLEE CLUB

The Boston Latin School Glee Club will produce for the second time in its history, the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta "The Mikado" on March 16. Other Gilbert and Sullivan operettas given during the past five years were "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "The Pirates of Penzance."

Mr. Francis T. Burke, Associate Director of Music, will once more direct. Faculty members Mr. Arthur Klein and Mr. Alfred Rosenthal are sponsors, and Mr. Mark F. Russo, director of the school's dramatic club, is acting as production manager.

ASSIGNMENT

1.

Dillon officiated over our section of the Post-Office Department in a manner most trying for us. Every order must be discharged with exactness, with punctuality, regardless of difficulty. Obstacles are only the cowardly imaginings of men, created to relieve ourselves of duty. But I still hold that luck is a potent influence in life; and when her laws operate against you, your chances of success are nil.

When Kilpatton and I slipped into his office that morning, we found the gaping jaws of an inferno ready to "chaw" us. Dillon was squatted behind his desk, making tobacco ribbons out of a cigar, his face pink with rage. His thick-rimmed spectacles played devilish tricks with his eyes as he nervously flicked tobacco ashes from his jacket.

For a while, his glance continued to be fixed on the window, and then his stern voice bellowed out: "Sit down!"

"Yes, sir," Kilpatton cracked in a high falsetto and tip-toed over to a seat.

Dillon leaned forward against the desk, his round overheated face rippling with rage.

"You blundering fools," he started, whamming the large brown blotter with his fist, "when are you going to wake up? There's only one government job you deserve. Fine pair, you two, and you call yourselves detectives. Well, listen; you're either going to do some work for your pay or get out."

Kilpatton looked sick, and I don't believe I was an exemplar of calmness myself. Dillon paused for breath. His lips arched into words, but fell of without a sound.

"I'm giving you one more chance," he finally started up again; "and that's all. You either come out all right, or you

can count yourselves out of a job."

"Don't worry, sir; we won't get fooled again," I managed to blurt out. "We've just met a lot of hard luck."

Kilpatton began to thaw out at the thought that we were still working.

Dillon went on: "We'll see. I'm starting you on a new case, and you can determine whether it's going to be your last."

He wiped the bead of sweat along his bows with his jacket sleeve.

"We have upon our hands a new type of hoax to deal with. There is a great possibility that it is being carried on by one man alone. It remains for us to stop it before it is copied by other undesirables."

He coughed slightly and smiled slyly.

"It might strike you as funny that I place such a tough case in blundering hands, but it sometimes happens that even a dumb wakes up. Work; and do not put your trust in luck, my friends... To go on, this new genius has unbarged a splendid trick."

He shifted his feet.

"This fellow searches out fathers who have sons away from home. He learns where the son is staying, what he is doing, and certain other particulars to insure against slip-ups. He then travels to that town, sends a wire to the father for money—signing the son's name to it, of course. I believe you can follow me. Well, all I want you to do is bring in this man along with some evidence." He slid a paper portfolio across the desk. "That'll give you some help and probably a lead. It's up to you now."

Kilpatton and I mumbled a few words and left Dillon, mopping his face with his handkerchief.

I can't say that our assignment was highly desirable. Kilpatton and I followed a trail from New York to Detroit, to Chicago, and finally to St. Louis, only to discover that our quarry was always a notch ahead of us. It was in San Francisco that we at last made his acquaintance—a sad experience, indeed.

Kilpatton and I were feasting on canned beans and a few other handy edibles that Friday evening. My friend was showing the wear and tear of three months' travel and labor. Suddenly, he rocketed up from his seat, flinging his fork against the wall.

"I can't stand this any longer, O'Rourke," he yelped. "I haven't had a good night's sleep or a decent meal since we started on this job. Dillon gives us two more days to bring in results, and then we toss in our badges. That means we can't pinch the guy, even if—well . . . What's the use of thinking about it?"

I tilted my chair back and lit a cigarette.

"You can't tell, though," I put in, spying the neon signs outside the window as they blinked off and on: "we might nab him tomorrow. You saw him mail the letter yesterday, and you know what was in it. If his return letter arrives by tomorrow and he goes to pick it up at the Post Office, well, we're all set."

Kilpatton paced back and forth along the room.

"How can you be so cool?" he half-muttered. "What if he sent that letter to New York or Boston? He'll get his answer when we're out of a job."

"That's our chance," I assured him, watching the smoke ring its way through the air. "The law of averages says we got to have some luck some time."

Kilpatton nodded his head.

"I hope so, anyway," I said, *sotto voce*.

Klem Creeder was a short, heavy

man. Dressed simply but stylishly, he had the air of an intelligent, quiet citizen. He held himself erect as he sauntered pompously along the sidewalk, conversing with strangers with a suaveness that caught their fancy. Indeed, this jovial gentleman was bold enough to accost an officer with ease, regardless of their probable conflicting opinions of the law.

Kilpatton and I fell upon his trail the following morning with one hope coursing through our minds. We followed the forger along what had been his usual routine: breakfast, a long boring walk, and a stop at the District Post-Office. I wondered if the last one would be included.

Carefully we lagged behind, almost allowing him to disappear from view. At times it appeared we had lost him, but finally he would bob up again, twirling his Ivory-topped cane about in his hand. Then, towards noon, when our hopes had dwindled to almost absolute disgust, we realized that he had taken the direction towards the Post-Office.

I tapped Kilpatton's arm as something seemed to quicken inside me. We passed along dingy side-streets into Main, past City Hall, and a few other buildings, and then came up short before the Post-Office.

Creeder hesitated; but, finally taking the steps two at a time, vanished past the door.

"C'mon," I shouted at Kilpatton, "and trust in luck."

Up the stairs we shot, bumping and tripping. We saw Creeder near the desk and drew up close behind him. An official fumbled with a stack of letters; then, with an "Oh, yes," tossed one over to Creeder. The latter ripped it open, drew out a crisp, white check, and a sheet of paper.

Kilpatton caught up the check and letter with a sudden sweep of his hand.

Creeder twirled about, surprised. I caught my friend's wink as he sped over the note, and flashed my badge.

"I guess this is the end of the line, Mr. Creeder," I said.

He only smiled.

Our Private Detective Agency is doing pretty well—that is, Kilpatton's and mine. Of course, we don't make the

EXCHANGE COLUMN

We begin our column with very appropriate verses extracted from the "Blue and Gold":

If you have a bit of news,
Send it in;
Or a joke that will amuse,
Send it in!
A story that's fine
Or an incident that's new,
We want to hear from you—
Send it in.
If the news is worth the while
Send it in;
It may help or cause a smile,
It may knock them in the aisle.
It will put you on our file;
Send it in!

From *Northeastern News*:—

Confucius Hath Added:
—He who count sheep often much warmer if he pull wool over eyes.
—A peace treaty is when one country take peace of another.
—Operation very funny; patient come out in stitches.
—All so quiet in bowling alley one can hear pin drop.
—Observers say Senior Ball when flunked.
—Electric clock is berries—runs on currents.
—Student who whittles is little shaver.
—The more terra—the less firma.
—Beauty is only skin dope.

From *The North Star*:—

Dates:
A 4-A eats them.

same money as when we were working for Dillon; but at least we don't have to account to a boss.

And say, we haven't been dogged by that same bad luck. That last case was funny, though. Creeder had to write home to his own father that time. . . .

RALPH A. CAPUTO, '40.

A Sophomore makes them.

A Junior learns them.

A Senior breaks them.

A P.G. hates them.

"The Imp"—Brighton High School

"Northeastern News"—Northeastern University

"Enterprise"—Memorial High School for Girls

"Jabberwock"—Girls Latin School

"Blue and Gold"—Malden High School

"The North Star"—North High School, Wichita, Kansas

"Antigorian"—Antigoria Senior High School, Wisconsin

"Pingry Record"—Pingry School, New Jersey

"Hebronian"—Hebron Academy, Maine

"The Hilltop"—Pembroke Country Day School, Missouri

"Rail Splitter"—Lincoln Community High School, Illinois

"The Record"—English High School

"The Regis"—Regis High School, New York

"Red and Black"—Dorchester High School

"The Herald"—Westfield High School, Mass.

"Jolly Rogers"—W. B. Rogers Intermediate School

"Bostonian"—Memorial High School for Boys

"Brown and Gold"—Haverhill High School

"The Echo"—Colby College, Maine

"The Orient"—Bowdoin College, Maine.

DOMINI NOSTRI MAGISTRIQUE



Mr. Ralph Quinn: Teaches history in 211. . . . Born 1898. . . . Missed being a George Washington baby by one day. . . . Married; two daughters. . . . Graduated from B.L.S. in 1913. . . . Returned as master in 1918. . . . Attended B.C., where he was a member of the Debating Society. . . . A.B.—1917; A.M.—1921— from B.C. . . . Ed. M. from Harvard 1929. . . . Likes to read history; but will consider literature. . . . Adviser of Stamp Club. . . . Has visited most of the United States and part of Canada. . . . Warns boys, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away."



Mr. O'Callahan teaches Latin and Greek in 124. . . . Born in 1903. . . . Just too young for the war. . . . Attended St. John's Prep., where he was editor of the paper. . . . Graduated from B.C. . . . Was awarded his A.B. in 1925; his A.M. in 1929. . . . Taught at B.C. from 1925 to 1927. . . . Came to B.L.S. in 1928 from the Heights. . . . While at college, belonged to the Debating Society and Literary Society, and was a member of the "Stylus" staff. . . . His hobby is studying languages. . . . Does graduate work at Columbia during his summer vacations. . . . Not married. . . . Says, "Man was made free; why shouldn't he remain so. . . .



Mr. Callanan teaches English in 107. . . . Born in 1903. . . . Attended Boston Latin School from 1917 to 1921. . . . Was Editor-in-Chief of the REGISTER and chairman of yearbook committee. . . . Awarded A.B. from Harvard in 1925. . . . A.M. from B.U. in 1926. . . . Does Graduate work at B.U. . . . Returned to B.L.S. as a master in 1926. . . . Adviser of the Literary Club. . . . Likes to read literature—old and new. . . . Spends his summers in Peterboro, N.H., where he does most of the gardening. . . . Not married. . . .

RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

Oct. 9: REGISTER deadline. Needless to say, the waste basket in Room 235 got more than its share of trash to hold.

Oct. 10: The Aviation Club held a meeting today. As they left the members were heard singing "Go Fly a Kite."

Oct. 11: Assembly this noon in the back-yard. Captain Driscoll of the B.F.D. addressed us on the hazards of fire. As a result, we, of Class I, have decided to refrain from smoking when we sleep . . . whether in bed or in the classroom.

Oct. 12:—

In fourteen hundred ninety-two
Columbus sailed the ocean blue.
Today, in nineteen thirty-nine,
We sleep until we dine.

Oct. 13: Class I was invited to listen to a dissertation on love, war and honest politices today by Mr Dunn, who is acting in his official capacity as Election Commissioner. . . .

Oct. 14: Latin's stalwarts again showed their sportsmanship by being on the short side of a 13-to-6 score at the hands of Brookline. It was said that Gorenstein played so hard that he had

to be helped off the field. Don't you believe it. The R.R.R. has heard from a usually reliable source that some "meany" revealed his "Math" mark, which was just too much for the poor boy.

Oct. 16: In an assembly of Classes I and II this A.M., Baler of Class I addressed the boys on the subject of the American Red Cross. . . . The "Cheese & Cracker" Club installed a new system of club meetings today. If you can solve it, you're elected.

Oct. 17: There's a storm in the offing, or a stampede or a war or sumpin' . . . Nomination papers come out tomorrow.

Oct. 18: "Sound Alikes" by the R.R.R.: A heavy artillery barrage over the Maginot line and the resounding rumble as candidates for Class I offices rush toward the Library for their nomination papers.

Oct. 19: For the first time in years it seemed as if our rivals from "de odder" side of the street were going to beat us. . . . But we fooled them: The score—B.L.S., 0; H.S.C., 0.

Oct. 20: Classes V and VI took their afternoon off to listen to the first conference of hog-calling (or were those boys declaiming?), and a certain Mr. Phillbrick brought home the bacon: 17 points' worth.

Oct. 23: Classes I and II were warned at assembly today not to take bulbs from street-cars just to see how a series circuit of 550 volts is constructed. We were told that such conscientiousness in the performance of our physics homework would not be tolerated.

Oct. 24: Election Day. . . . Who was the wise guy who voted for three men for Class Committee and then gave one-half a vote apiece to two other candidates? . . .

Oct. 25: "The sea, the sea, the open

sea." . . . Report cards were issued today.

Oct. 26: While roaming around on one of his daily ravages, yours truly happed by the drill yard and what should he see? . . . No, not a mass of misguided individuals; but a trick company! Good-luck, Captain "Joe" Feldman.

Oct. 27: Latin kept its win column clean by bowing down to defeat at the hands of B.C.H. (18 to 0). A couple of fellows named Ronayne and Mason were the B.C.H. team. A guy by the name of Sliney helped a little, too.

Oct. 30: The Debating Club met today and it was learned that the secretary had absconded to (of all places) English High. Perhaps now our "cousins" of the blue and blue will blossom out with a rival debating team.

Oct. 31: Class Elections today. That man who sports a deep, powerful voice (Mr. Hoar) was elected Class President. He was seen practising a bit of "Washington's Inangural Address" for February. The R.R.R. is now looking forward to that oratorical masterpiece.

Nov. 1: Meeting of the REGISTER Literary Staff this P.M. The staff got back at all the grand-stand quarterbacks. They told one another what they thought about the "know-it-alls". . . . However, a verbatim account can't be given here.

Nov. 2: An automobile was stolen from in front of the building today. The owner should have locked it to one of the "horses" in the bicycle-room.

Nov. 3: Wandering about the third floor back this noon and came across Class VI'ers trying to find 'Spunk'. . . Could be! . . . Unfurl the flags, let trumpets be blown, etc., etc., etc.: B.L.S., 13; R.M.I.H.S., 6. Where's that English team?

Nov. 6: Mr. McGuffin took the members of the Chess and Checker Club on a tour through Arabia today.

Nov. 7: The REGISTER's Raving Reporter renders rhetorical revelation: Hurvitz of Room 306 was the first member of Class I to pay his dues. . . . No wonder "Doc" Regan has assumed that financial air: One dollar is a deal of money.

Nov. 8: Even the custodian paused in his rounds to listen to the duet which was played at the French Club meeting today. Many of the members were seer with tears in their eyes.

Nov. 9: *In the Drill Hall:* Captain Gibbons today found a promising youth who had worked out a smart scheme. He had put his name on the lapel of his right-hand pocket while his friend's name was concealed beneath the lapel of the left. (The coat belonged to his friend.) Unfortunately Captain Gibbons understood.

Nov. 10: The Latin rooters were frustrated today in their hope of seeing Latin do what this year seems impossible, win two straight. The Score: Latin 6, Trade 6.

Nov. 13: Today, after the Debating Club had been dismissed, the Chess and Checker Club and the Custodian vied for the honor of leaving the school last. But as the Custodian had brought along his own pillows, the Chess and Checkers left the school with their heads bowed in defeat.

Nov. 14: At the meeting of Class I, Mr. Dunn warned the spitball artists that Mr. Regan, the class treasurer, was a big fellow; and, although he presented a very good target, the only bits of paper to be thrown at him are those pieces of green paper issued by gentlemen in Washington.

Nov. 15: Room elections today. Will Room 301 ever live down its 28-way tie? Mr. Levine doesn't think so, for he caught the R.R.R. voting for himself.

Nov. 16: What an exciting experience we had today! We visited the Stamp

Club and witnessed an exchange of two Timbangor triangle stamps for three Kamalazoo reprints! . . . We suggest that Bert White nab a few of those glib-tongued individuals for his Business Staff. . . . Our football stalwarts spent sixty minutes of useless struggle with D.I.H.S. and all for naught or, *vulgo vœato*, 0-0.

Nov. 17: The Camera Club meeting developed today at 2:40, but it turned out to be a negative when the question of dues was brought up.

Nov. 20: The Latin Chess Team today traveled to Brookline, only to duplicate the feat of the Football Team and bow graciously in defeat, 5 to 1. Zimmerman wants it known that the only reason he lost his match was that he was distracted by the female onlookers.

Nov. 22: The French Club had an unusually large attendance in the Assembly Hall today. The reason?—Motion pictures of France and Great Britain in color, taken by Mr. Powers

and shown to the club “par notre grand ami, M. Dunn.”

Nov. 23: *The scene—One of Mr. Gardiner's Latin classes.*

Mr. Gardiner: “What does Quam-quam mean?”

Slightly Sleepy Student: “Which, Sir?”

Mr. Gardiner: “Hm. Do you think that Virgil stuttered?”

Pupil, aroused by the surrounding chuekles: “No, Sir. He only meant to convince us by repetition.”

Nov. 24: Classes IV and III today witnessed the second edition of this year's Public Declamation. On pretense of escorting a visitor to the hall, the R.R.R. arrived in time to see “Wild Willie” Ellis finish the afternoon's program with a hair-raising, arm-waving, sleep-waking speech.

Nov. 27. Second REGISTER Deadline for the second issue. Clamoring that a third time never fails, certain members of the staff tried to get an extension of time in order to remove the cobwebs from their ideas.

YOU'RE NOT SO SMART

1. *How many football lettermen were there in 1938?*

24 40 30 33 28 11 20

2. *What former master's picture hangs in the library?*

Mr. Lovell Mr. Jones

Mr. Cheever Mr. Capen

3. *What play was presented by the Dramatics Club in 1938?*

“Taming of the Shrew”

“Hamlet” “Journey's End”

“Macbeth”

4. *How many members constitute the Class Committee?*

8 5 4 9 6 7 1

5. *How many masters are in the German department?*

3 6 5 7 9 11 4

6. *How many entranees are there to*

the Assembly Hall?

11 13 9 6 8 10 7

7. *How many numbers can conveniently belong to the Detention Club?*

25 78 59 65 100 95 40

8. *What elan had the greatest number of members in last year's B.L.S. census?*

Connollys Sullivans

Murphys Walshes

Caseys Cohens

9. *What is the name of the instrument Mr. Hopkinson plays at Prize Declamation?*

Xylophone Cornet

Drums Mirimba

10. *Who was the first master of Latin School?*

James Lovell Daniel Maude

Rob't. WoodmanseyPhilemon Pormort

We'll Never Learn . . .

.... that desks are made to hold the printed mediums of learning—not us.



.... that there are bells which do not end the period.



.... why some 18 youths monthly subject themselves to the Public Declamations.

THE MIRACLE

Throughout the pages of ancient and medieval history, reports of miracles and divine intervention have cropped up with sufficient frequency to stir the imagination of the modern man. Yet, in many instances, never having seen a miracle, he remains sceptical of any unusual phenomenon for which modern science has no explanation.

I remember, in particular, a story that I heard when I was in India several years ago. I had been told by friends to be sure to see the religious ceremonies that occur from time to time along the Ganges; and as luck would have it, I happened along at a time when a large low-easte family was praying for the life of one of their number. I was one of several tourists who were there at the time. As I stood on the bank of the famous river, I turned to the middle-aged man who stood next to me and remarked on the probable futility of their prayers.

"Nothing can save that poor devil now," I said, "These people want a miracle."

The man turned to me and remarked in an even tone, "You evidently don't believe in miracles, do you?"

"No, I don't. I have never seen one. They are just stories and hearsay."

He smiled at this and said quietly, "Do you mind if I tell you about a miracle?"

"Not at all," I replied; and he began.

"About ten years ago, a friend of mine, a Dr. Scott, married a charming young lady. They were a very happy couple. Scott had the makings of a great surgeon and was progressing rapidly. One day, in the midst of his work, he was informed that his wife had been in a terrible accident. Although the greatest brain specialists examined her, they could do nothing, as a blood

clot had formed on her brain. She would live, but she would never walk again. The specialists all agreed that the accident had left her two scars: an odd L-shaped one on her hand, and another on her brain.

"In a short time, owing to worry concerning his wife's condition, Scott's work suffered, and his career hung in the balance. Knowing that she caused this deterioration in his work, she suggested that they take a trip to France, hoping a change might do them both good. They visited Cannes, Monte Carlo, Paris, and finally, the shrine of miracles at Lourdes.

"As Mrs. Scott watched the faith of the stream of worshippers that went into the grotto, she found a new interest—a new faith. To Dr. Scott, it was merely another place of interest to sightseers.

"At her request, Scott wheeled her into the grotto. Then he looked at the thousands of pairs of crutches that hung on the walls, each pair representing a gift of new life to some person. This was the shrine of miracles, miracles that could not be explained by science.

"Mrs. Scott placed a candle on the candelabra and left. Obviously, the miracle had not happened. Consoling himself with the thought that his hopes were too high, that he had been carried away by the spirit of the place, Scott was more than ever convinced that there were no miracles.

"As he wheeled his wife away from the shrine, they moved into the path of a speeding truck. Mrs. Scott saw it in time, leaped to her feet, and threw both her husband and herself out of danger. By some miracle, she had suddenly obtained an unknown power which made it possible for her to stand, and now Scott saw, for the first time, that his wife was walking."

"Well, what do you think of that?" my new friend asked me.

"Rubbish!" I answered derisively.
"Pure coincidence!"

Just then, the story-teller was joined by a lady of his own age. Obviously,

she was his wife. As she held his hand, I noticed that her left hand bore an odd L-shaped scar. This, then, was the lady who experienced the miracle at Lourdes, and the man was undoubtedly Dr. Scott.

GEORGE ROSENBLATT, '40.

ANCIENT REMAINS

Since school has started, a familiar sight to all pupils using the Huntington Avenue cars has been the construction work on Boylston Street, between Berkeley and Clarendon. This site was formerly occupied by two buildings, constructed in 1881 for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Later, when the Institute moved to its present location across the Charles, one of the buildings was used as Boston University's College of Business Administration. Rogers Hall, the other building, was kept by the Institute and used as a School of Architecture. Early in 1939 these two buildings were torn down, and excavation work was started on the site for the erection of a home office for one of Boston's large insurance companies. After the buildings had been razed, it was noted with great interest by many that a "Sidewalk Supervisors' Observatory" had been erected, thus enabling passersby to go in and sit down in comfort, while watching the excavation work proceed. About a year ago this plan was introduced at Rockefeller Center in New York during the construction of one of the buildings. It had been noticed that during the excavating the sidewalk was continually blocked by pedestrians watching the work proceed. After many futile attempts to keep the sidewalk traffic moving, the constructors finally resorted to the plan of letting the pedestrians watch, but watch where they would not block traffic. Thus the "Sidewalk Supervisors Society" was born, and

FOUND IN BOSTON

with it, the "Supervisor's Observatory". The plan was such a success that it was soon adopted by many other construction companies. This is the first instance of its use in this city.

After innumerable tons of soil had been removed, a large pile of ancient oyster shells was uncovered by the big steam shovel. When word of this discovery had been received, many scientists soon arrived at the huge pit to learn more of these post-glacial discoveries. From then on, the work proceeded with extreme caution. Then, a few days later, a very ancient fish weir was uncovered, remarkably preserved, about three feet below the level where the oyster shells had been found. After I had seen the newspaper account, I determined to investigate on my own. Thus, one hot afternoon I found myself in the office of Mr. R. C. Pitcher, Engineer-in-Charge, who kindly consented to explain all that the scientists had discovered.

First, I was shown a stake about five feet long, sharpened at one end. This stake, with many others, was placed in the water for about 200 feet in a straight line, with an inch or more intervening between stakes. Then watlings—young, pliable branches — were intertwined around these stakes until they made a solid wall. These stakes were remarkably preserved, owing to the fact that they had been kept in a vacuum, for they were found buried in air-resisting clay. They will keep in good condition for two or three days, if exposed to air.

But when kept under water, where no air can get at them, they will last for two or three months, and then disintegrate, due to rot. The fact that one end of these stakes was sharpened tends to prove that the aboriginal inhabitants of this locality used some type of sharp hatchet-like tool, presumably a stone axe. The top of the weir was found sixteen feet below the level of old Back Bay (really "Back Bay" before it was filled in to its present level by the city about ninety years ago.) The surface of old Back Bay formed the bottom of the Charles River and the surrounding marshes. Where this old surface was, is now a layer of peat, formed by the vegetable matter (such as eel-grass) on the bottom of the river as it decayed and was compressed into a layer of solid matter by the fill-in above.

Now you may ask, "How can the scientists tell the age of these discoveries?"

Between the sidewalk level and the level of old Back Bay there is eighteen feet of filling placed there by the city. From the level of old Back Bay to the level where the weir was found is sixteen. This fish weir was at a level with the

Charles about 3,000 years ago. The sixteen feet between this level and the level of old Back Bay was deposited by the river during those 3,000 years. Recently scientists noted how much silt the Mississippi deposited in one year. Their investigations indicated that .06 inches were deposited each normal year. As the Mississippi and the Charles flow at approximately the same rate, they each deposit the same amount of silt. Thus, by the process of dividing the .06 inches into the 16 feet deposited, the result is 3,000 years. However, this result is not completely accurate because of the fact that the Charles may have deposited more silt in ancient times than it does now. Therefore, the age of the findings has been set at from 3,000-5,000 years; but they are at least 3,000 years old.

The oyster shells are computed to be five hundred years younger than the weir, owing to their position at a higher level than the weir. Scientists hope to find some day relics which will tell a much clearer story of how man lived in Boston in the year 1,000 B.C. Let us hope they do.

R. GREENWOOD, '43.

ODD FACTS ABOUT ANCIENTS

To those who study Latin, Greek and ancient history the impression is that all the Romans and Greeks ever did was war on nations, engage in politics, build beautiful temples, and write literature that has lived for centuries. However, we must remember that they were human, that they were exposed to the same forces as we, and that they could have lived as we live. Read what a certain Dr. Funk has learned about these ancient, and yet modern people:

The Emperor Nero, who fiddled while Rome burned, had an elevator 120 feet

high. He also invented the champagne cooler . . . always had his wine brought to the table in a large metal bucket packed in snow. . . Hot-dog stands were common in Rome 1900 years ago. . . and cafeterias, too, with lunch-counters, and leather-covered, metal seats. . . Unbreakable glass, not the shatter-proof variety, was invented in the reign of the Roman emperor Tiberius about 34 A.D.—The unlucky inventor was beheaded for fear this glass might be used for plates, bowls, etc., and so supplant gold. . . Even as early as 1200 B.C. synthetic pearls

were moulded for the lucky shopgirls of Greece out of lime, magnesia, and silicate. . . . Modern icecubes are thousands of years behind the times. . . . Milleniums ago ice was made by the vaporization and radiation of water placed in shallow vessels of porous clay. . . . Vaccination for smallpox was done before the time of Christ. . . . The principle of the steam turbine was worked out and harnessed by Hero of Alexandria 1500 years before James Watt saw the steam bubbling from his mother's kitchen kettle. . . . Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, plucked her eyebrows, pencilled and darkened them with antimony paste.—She used the same rouge as your sister does today, made of paste of perfumed iron oxide. . . . The cold cream used today was invented by the Roman phy-

sician and chemist, Galen, 17 centuries ago. . . . The Rome of 1800 years ago had its traffic problems.—The streets were so congested that the Commissioner of Vehicles had to order all heavy trucks carrying timber, brick, building stone, cement and the like to move only at night. . . . The shops at that time carried a modern line:—Silk dresses, wool-lined slippers, raincoats, parasols, leather wallets, hair nets, aprons, and other notions. . . . The Roman of that day had steam heat. The steam was routed from a central furnace somewhere in the cellar, ran under the floor of the bedroom through tiled pipes, and circulated through air spaces in the walls. . . . He had soap and towels, a comb and brush, and hair lotion. . . .

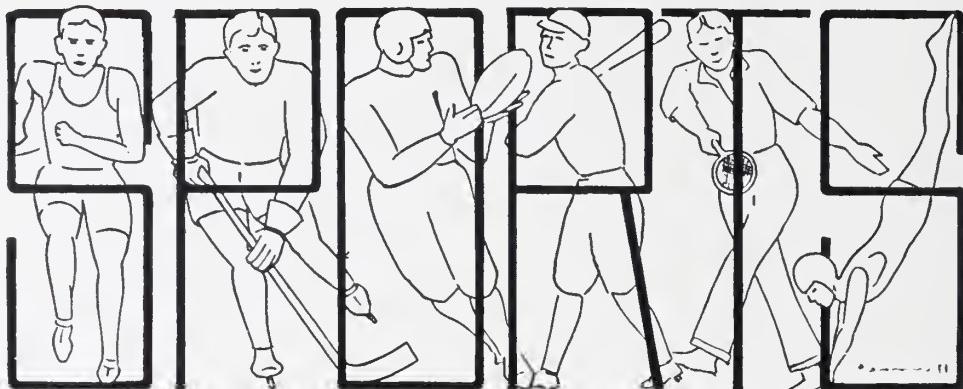
MEMORABILIA

(50 years ago) . . . It was in 1889 that the Boston Latin School Athletic Association was founded. . . . As the editor of the REGISTER reported it: "The B.L.S.A.A. will send forth athletes to compete successfully with those of other preparatory schools." . . . While on the subject of sports, the B.L.S. football team beat the Tufts Varsity, 6-0,—in a practice game. . . . The school had grown so big that year that it was necessary to make eight companies in the Latin School battalion.—N.B.—At that time officers in military drill were chosen not by competitive standing, but by a vote of Class I. . . . "Last June, when the present Class I took their examinations, all candidates assembled in Sever Hall at 8:00 A.M., June 29, to receive instructions as to exams. At about 7:00 o'clock in the morning, a group of B.L.S. students might have been seen before the Providence Street Depot, waiting for a Cambridge horsecar, and whiling away their time by chatting." . . . (That

was in 1889, and today we're complaining about the C.E.E.B. . . . Give us one good reason why we shouldn't) . . .

* * *

(25 years ago) . . . The student body's number has increased to the amazing total of 915 boys ! ! ! (The facilities of the lunchroom must have offered a difficult problem). . . . Arthur Fiedler, the director of the famous "Pops" concerts, was a member of the graduating class of 1914. . . . Another distinguished member of that class is Charles S. Fitzgerald, ("Fitzzy" to you). Mr. Fitzgerald was a member of the football team in the 1913 season.—At the annual Thanksgiving classic between B.L.S. and E.H.S. in Fenway Park, the players supplied their own equipment. . . . In 1914 there were thirty classrooms in the school, then situated on Warren Avenue. . . . E.H.S. occupied half of the same building. . . .



BROOKLINE WINS, 13-6

With Brookline boasting their most powerful team in years, an under-dog Latin eleven met their highly favored foe on the Brookline Town Field, Saturday, October 14. The score, 13-6, is evidence of the game fight shown by one of the lightest Latin teams in many a football season. Rushing on an even par and tackling as furiously as their Class "B" adversary, the Purple and White showed one weakness, an inadequate pass defense; and this defect in an otherwise fine defensive machine accounted for both of Brookline's tallies.

Midway in the second period, with the score 7-0, Latin capitalized on a Brookline fumble, recovered by "Joe" Havey on the Red and Blue's "10". Aided by penalties, Latin advanced to the "2", from where "Dan" Gorenstein plunged over for the score. But the attempted pass for the extra point was incomplete, and Latin trailed.

The remainder of the game saw Latin trying desperately to score, with "Dan" Gorenstein, acting captain, sparking the offense with fine passing and running. The Latin line, backed up admirably by "Bud" Killion and "Chris" McCarthy, held Brookline's running attack, but Latin was unable to score again. The game ended with Latin losing but not outplayed.

B.L.S. - 0 — COMMERCE - 0

On Thursday, October 19, a vastly improved Latin eleven valiantly battled a favored Boston Commerce team to a scoreless tie.

Latin, without one of its key-men in the backfield, "Dan" Gorenstein, and with its lineup shuffled around, battled Commerce on even terms throughout their scoreless encounter. Tom Sullivan, "Bud" Killion, and John Cullen, all new boys, were the Purple and White heroes. Sullivan, playing his first game, continually set Commerce back on its heels with a brilliant exhibition of kicking. Killion was a veritable demon on defense, figuring in practically every tackle. Cullen, a speedster also playing his first game, showed promise of developing into a good back before the season is over.

Each team had one scoring chance. A Commerce fumble gave Latin the ball on the former's 33-yard line early in the first period, and the Purple and White players advanced to the 12-yard line before fumbling in turn. John Good recovered for Commerce. Sullivan's one poor kick of the game late in the second session put Latin in trouble. Commerce got the ball on the Latin "33" and managed to advance to the "17" before the Purple and White stalwarts took it away on downs.

The lineup: Casey, Robinson, Dona-

hue, r.e.; Burns, Nedyvins, r.t.; Powers, Tarushka, r.g.; Redgate, c.; Ward, Carven, l.g.; Smith, l.t.; Havey, Carey, l.e.; Kelley, Sullivan, q.b.; Killion, r.h.b.; Morris, l.h.b.; McCarger, Cullen, f.b.

Latin Sec.-6, Sacred Heart - 0

A blocked kick paved the way for the Latin Seconds to beat Sacred Heart of Newton. "Bob" Curran did the blocking and "Nick" Tarushka got the ball for Latin on the Newton team's 25-yard line. From there, Paul Murphy luggered to the "10", "Dick" Dunn got down to the three, and "Al" Kelley blasted over for the score.

The Latin Lineup: F. Kelley, l.e.; Curran, Cochenear, l.t.; Tarushka, l.g.; Van Buskirk, c.; Connolly, r.g.; Gallagher, Sheehan, r.t.; McLaughlin, Collins, r.e.; Zawalick, Towle, q.b.; A. Kelley, Riley, l.h.b.; Murphy, McIntyre, r.h.b.; Trousalich, Dunn, f.b.

B. C. HIGH ON TOP

As had been the case in previous games this season, it was the failure of the Latin pass defense that spelled defeat at the hands of a confident and strong B. C. High eleven. Not even the return of "Bob" Beyer and "Bunny" Rowen to the line-up could prevent an 18-0 defeat. Using a "3-2" defense, Latin managed to bottle up the running of Sliney and Ronayne most of the afternoon. However, the open game did the trick for our efficient opponents.

Early in the game a long pass from Ronayne to Mason, who eluded two would be tacklers, resulted in the first Maroon-and-Gold tally. Shortly after the kick-off, Beyer broke into the open, only to be brought down from behind on the B. C. High "22". After the ball had been advanced to the "10", a Latin fumble got B. C. High out of danger. The score at the half-way mark read

B.C.-6; B.L.S.-0.

In the second half, it was again a Ronayne-to-Mason pass that produced the scoring punch. The final touchdown came from another pass, after B. C. High had recovered a fumble deep in Latin's territory. The Line-Up: Haley, l.e.; Ward, l.t.; Smith, l.g.; Redgate, c.; Nedyvins, (Carven) r.g.; Powers, (Tarushka) r.t.; Casey, (Morris) r.e.; Beyer, q.b.; Killion, (MacCarthy) l.h.b.; Cullen, (Kelly) r.h.b.; Rowen, (Sullivan) f.b.

LATIN VICTOR, 13-6

With its team at full strength for the first time this season, our eleven handed Roxbury Memorial a 13-6 defeat. With "Bob" Beyer and "Danny" Gorenstein sharing top honors, the Latin offense looked better than it has all year. Late in the first period "Bunny" Rowen placed a "coffin corner" kick off the field on Memorial's "2", from where our opponents punted out to the "40". Then the Purple and White began a sustained march, which gave us our first touchdown. In three straight plays Beyer moved the ball up from the "40" to the "23". On an off-tackle smash Gorenstein made a first down on the "4", from where Beyer carried it over. "Mickey" Smith then place-kicked the extra point, and Latin led, 7-0.

The remainder of the half saw little action, but early in the third period Beyer intercepted a pass on Memorial's 27-yard line, and four plays later Gorenstein tossed Casey a long forward pass for the second Latin tally. Up to that point Memorial had failed to make a single first down, but the Latin pass defense suddenly crumbled, and several "Katz-to-Carr" passes gave Memorial a score. In the closing minutes of the game they were pressing for a second touchdown, but time ran out.

The Line-Up: Havey, l.e.; Ward, l.g.; Smith, l.g.; Redgate, c.; Nedyvins, (Taru-



LATIN VS. COMMERCE
Swinging Round His Right
End, Cullen (25) Rips Off a
First Down for Latin in the
Fourth Period.



LATIN VS. B.C.H.
B.C.H. Recovers as Cullen
Fumbles a Rain-Soaked Pig-
Skin in the Second Half.



LATIN VS. MEMORIAL
In an Attempted Sweep Round
His End, Dan Gorenstein is
Swarmed by the Opposition
As He Reaches Scrimmage.



LATIN VS. TRADE
Bob Beyer Races Across the
Field for a Nice Gain Before
Being Brought Down Early in
the Third Period.

(Photos by Stavro)

shka) r.g.; Powers, (Killion) r.t.; Casey, r.e.; Gorenstein, q.b.; MacCarthy, l.h.b.; Rowen, (Sullivan) r.h.b.; Beyer, f.b.

TRADE TIES US

Our team had to be satisfied with a 6-6 tie with Boston Trade, although we far outclassed our opponents. Early in the game Latin began a march from mid-field, which was climaxed by a pass from Gorenstein to Casey for a score. The try for the extra point failed; and Latin kicked off. Trade was forced to kick and again Latin had the ball in Trade territory. But a whole new team was put in at this point, and it could not keep up the pace. Trade held and kicked out of danger. On another exchange of kicks, the Purple and White eleven found itself on its own "2". Attempting to run the ball out of the end zone, Latin fumbled and Trade recovered for a touchdown. The conversion failed, and the game was tied up.

In the second half Latin had several chances; but as soon as our boys came within scoring distance, the Trade defense stiffened. In the fourth period some kicks by the Trade fullback kept his team out of serious danger, and the game ended in a colorless tie.

LATIN - 0 — E.H.S. - 0

In their final game of the season, an amazing Boston Latin eleven scored what was probably the greatest upset of the Boston season when they battled the highly favored Boston English team to a scoreless tie. Whether the boys from English were over-confident or were wildly overrated is hard to say; but the statistics of the game show very clearly that the Purple and White held the upper hand through almost the entire game.

Four times Latin penetrated deep into scoring territory, only to have the English defense rally successfully each

time. Even when English had possession of the ball, they couldn't advance it further than midfield. It is difficult to single out any one individual for highest honors, for the entire team played a great game, and displayed a spirit that would please any coach. "Bunny" Rowen did some excellent kicking, being particularly effective on quick kicks. "Dan" Gorenstein and George Casey made a dangerous forward-passing combination, while "Bob" Beyer accounted for several of Latin's ground gains, including a number of run-backs of English punts. "Chris" McCharity was in on every English play and had the help of Garry Redgate, who, despite a long layoff, played superbly both on offense and defense. English had their stars in Shtogren, Brennan, King, et al; but as a unit our boys were by far a superior team.

Before the first period was over, Latin had established their first threat. The earlier part of the quarter was a kicking duel; but in the latter part the Purple offense started to click. Gorenstein took the kick-off and ran the ball to his own "40", from where "Bunny" Rowen quick-kicked to send English back to its "25.". Beyer took the return kick at midfield, and Rowen booted back to the '12'. English picked up fifteen yards before Brennan kicked to Beyer, who was brought down on his own "38". With the aid of two offside penalties and a Gorenstein-Casey pass of 19 yards, the Purple and White advanced to the English "9," where the ball was finally given up on downs as the English defense held by a matter of a few inches.

English started the second quarter with a brief retaliation which carried the ball to their "40". After exchanging kicks, Gorenstein intercepted a pass and a Gorenstein-Havey pass netted 22 yards. After losing the ball on the English "26", Latin had another chance

when Larry Redgate intercepted Brennan's pass on the English "25" and carried the ball to the "18," only to have English take the ball on downs.

Latin had possession for nine of the twelve minutes in the third period. English received on its "35" but had to kick and was penalized fifteen yards after one of its players bumped Gorenstein when he had signalled for a fair catch. Latin kicked out, and on the return kick Beyer lugged twelve yards to the English "24," then went through left tackle to the 14" after short gains by Rowen and Gorenstein. Gorenstein banged out a first down; Beyer moved up five; Gorenstein advanced to the five and the four; then Rowen made a first down on the three. On three successive plunges by Beyer and McCharty English held firmly; so Latin decided to attempt a field goal. "Mickey" Smith dropped back from tackle to try for the goal from placement, but King rushed in to block the kick and English recovered on the "15". English booted out to its "45" as the quarter ended.

At the beginning of the final period Latin kicked to the English two-yard line. Beyer carried the return kick to the English "24." Latin made little more than scrummage on the next three plays, but on the last down a Goren-

stein-Casey pass put our boys on the "14". McCharty and Rowen moved the ball up to the "9"; but when Gorenstein attempted a pass on the next play, he was surrounded by opposing players and English took over on their "19". Hereupon English started a desperate march, which carried them to midfield before they were forced to kick to the Latin "16." On a fake kick Gorenstein went ahead to his "22". On the third down Rowen kicked to the English "35." English reached the "45" on a pass interference. Beyer intercepted the next pass to put an end to the English attack.

The lineup: Harvey, Rutstein, Carven, l.e.; Ward, Burns, l.t.; Nedvins, Campbell, l.g.; Redgate, O'Connell, Van Buskirk, e.; Killion, Hartley, Collins, r.g.; Smith, Powers, Tarushka, r.t.; Casey, Carey, McIntyre, Curran, r.e.; Rowen, Sullivan, Zawaliek, q.b.; Beyer, Cullen, Kelley, l.h.b.; McCharty, Kruger, r.h.b.; Gorenstein, Morris, Dunn, f.b.

Statistics of the game:

	Latin	English
First downs	7	8
Yards gained, rushing	88	95
Forward passes	15	7
Forwards completed	6	2
Yards gained, forwards	57	20
Penalties	3	4
Yards penalized	25	30
Punt average	33	29

You're Not So Smart

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Thirty | 100 Must be a repeater! |
| 2. Mr. Capen | 90 Good work |
| 3. Hamlet | 80 Keep at it |
| 4. Five | 70 Fair, should do better |
| 5. Five | 60 Certification |
| 6. Nine | 50 Whew, made it! |
| 7. Seventy-eight | 40 Don't give up |
| 8. Cohens | 30 Oh, well! |
| 9. Mirimba | 20 Going |
| 10. Philemon Pormort | 10 Going |
| | 0 Gone |



[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our Humor Editor received the following note from a magazine editor:*

"Dear Sir: Have received your jokes. Some I have seen before; the rest I haven't seen yet."]

* * *

Teacher to tardy freshman: "When were you born?"

Freshman: "April 2nd."

Teacher: "Being late must be a habit with you."

* * *

Indignant pupil: "I don't think I deserve a zero."

More indignant master: "Neither do I, but it's the lowest mark I'm allowed to give."

* * *

Heard in Physics Lab.: "Have we any four-volt, two-watt bulbs?"

"For what?"

"No, two."

"Two what?"

"Yes."

* * *

Two students got into an argument over their respective abilities. Finally, one of them, thoroughly exasperated, cried out,—"Without exception, I think you are the most conceited ass I have ever had the misfortune to set my eyes on."

"Silence there," called the teacher. "You seem to forget I am in the room."

Old photographer: "Watch the little birdy now."

Camera Club Member: "Cut the nonsense, just pay attention to your shutter speed, diaphragm opening, distance, depth of focus, and lighting before you ruin the plate."

* * *

Professor, disgusted at finding only one pupil present for his lecture: "Where are the rest of the fools?"

Lone pupil, just as disgusted: "It seems we're the only ones here."

* * *

Teacher: "Don't you like algebra?"

Student: "Sure I do. . . . Ain't I stuck on every problem?"

* * *

"That must be one of my teachers in that car up ahead."

"Why?"

"He seems so reluctant to let me pass."

* * *

Science teacher: "Why do trees become petrified?"

Pupil: "The wind makes them rock."

* * *

Drill master: "Did you shave this morning?"

Sergeant: "Yes, sir."

Drill master: "Well, next time stand closer to the razor."

The class had been more exasperating than usual that morning and as the bell rang ending the period, the teacher snapped, "Please don't flap your ears as you go out."

* * *

Ancient History Student looking at the Egyptian Mummy in the Museum:
"What does 1187 B.C. stand for?"

Other 4Ber: "That's the number of the car that hit him."

* * *

FIGURES DON'T LIE !!!

The Math Department is struggling with these logical queries: If one man can build a house in twelve days, then twelve men can build it in one day and 288 will make it in one hour and 1,036,000 can throw it together by the clock in one second. . . . At that rate, the unemployment problem ought to be a

cinch. . .

If one ship can cross the ocean in six days, then six can do it in one. . . It won't be long now! ! !

* * *

Mother: Why are you spanking John?

Father: His card comes out tomorrow, and I'll be out of town.

* * *

Mr. Gordon reports this answer to a question on the "Lame Duck" amendment: "A lame duck is a duck with one leg shorter than the other, so that it can walk on the side of a hill."

* * *

Reader: "I take off my hat to your jokes."

Humor Editor: "Glad you like 'em."

Reader: "Well, I really do it to show respect to old age."

Here Comes THE CABOOSE

The "Dram" Club is bidding for that cow-bell "Nick" Candis tolls at the Football games: More to do with their Christmas play, I guess. (See "Greasepaint" in *Manus Sociorum*).

* * *

Mr. Bowker is slated for extension of his blackboard area. He raised a number to a power and went over the top. "Now, boys, if Mr. Bowker had a blackboard six feet by seven and the number of seats is forty-two, how far and how big, etc., etc. . . . Sh-sh-sh!"

* * *

Emmanuel College, around the corner, mimeographs a weekly paper called "Causeries de Lundi," entirely in French . . . Simmons has a magazine formerly called "Per Simmons," now dubbed "P.S."

Thanks for pushing the *Caboose* last month.

What do you think of having the contents listed on the cover, *Atlantie Monthly* style? Leave your comments in the right-hand basket in 235. Some cynic said that now he doesn't even have to open the magazine. Sie him!

* * *

. . . And two different drillers told me Captain Gibbons said their company was the best. But the Captain being an army man, I don't want to stick my neck too far out of the *Caboose*.

* * *

There's a master I hear who comes to class with misdemeanor mark slips already made out. Tuesday he ran out of "one mark-ers," so that's why I got four marks, Daddy. Yeah!



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